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Welsch, J.T. [orcid.org/0000-0002-1106-3539](https://orcid.org/0000-0002-1106-3539) (2020) *A Crown for Plum*. Thin Ice Press , York , (20pp).

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# **a crown for plum**

J. T. Welsch

printed July 2020  
Thin Ice Press, York

I

our culprit emerging  
reattaching its host

sharky lenses case  
the known perimeter

somewhere a set of figures  
somewhere uneven song

fists a lifelike memory  
of this habit in time

let no man mitigate  
the work of sisters

whose shoulders  
no wild sanctuary

let none lapse soon  
each implausible sleep

# 2

I'm past all sleep  
life's too scary

but sweet face  
drift in the dark

deaf to the wind  
& waves above

if you feared what  
should be fearful

I'd still say sleep  
so the sea & I

might follow if  
this is vain to

put on my own  
child so be it

# 3

what sober chiding  
our wee commune

takes every 20  
minutes or so

strolling headlines  
of a postself kind

I dust off theory  
you pour waffles

as social praxis  
x extended mind

the air we share  
teeming with trust

& egos are vectors  
I think you'll find

# 4

what will you find  
in a wanting world

what will you find  
wanting don't tell me

which of these bank  
ruptures turns out worst

baby can't know everything  
though the weight of their

precognitions is clearly  
many times postmemory

& other cliquey noumena  
to be wheeled out once

the tin cooled & bulk  
shrunk from the edges

# 5

a shirking hedge  
as fluids & lass

fluid pass so far  
ould sofa incubate

inchoate systems  
inwinch bodys

wills subject  
eats other

two games  
off chance

clothes reading  
a rutted skol inter

-deependinseas  
moist apparent

# 6

mostly parents  
remind us of sex

that lift's still down  
& you can't go faster

& you can't move any  
further into the carriage

without consent let's play  
got your nose your chin

might be the only node  
immune to day-doubt

some thought touches  
up your bad shoulder

& the whole thing  
bursts into t-i-e-r-s



# 7

bursts in two  
least tearing

no small feet  
for humankind

this giant lump  
laptop charged

soonly chimes  
its ready chord

so long meaty  
tether so long

the void &  
the waiting

to never  
be lonely

# 8

nervy  
a lonely

for a hetero  
heretofore

I dreamt you  
were mine

sun shane  
birds singed

the stars of  
love glew

in the dark  
in my grip

you grew so  
dumb & sad

# 9

some dads  
are duds

some moms  
keep mum

yours whip  
up whole

worlds upon  
your whim like

your sister's  
legocentric

japes this  
agapism

leaves  
me agape

# 10

cape honey  
bee needs

a daughter  
into beeeeeing

when will you be  
told enough to

implore the signs  
divine signature

nature healing  
& at heel if

if feels quite  
immaculate

it's actually  
thi-lit-uh-kee



the little key  
with which

out little keep  
was thrown

not wide but  
deeper into

polly pocket  
sovereignettes

lets a pillbox  
rolly polly

beta block  
the literal

lockdown  
locket wish

# 12

lock that shit  
down may

your themes be  
more than

pegs for  
pegasus

excuses  
for life's bit

before bitter  
habits root

the bullet  
before dust

(sorry rusty  
at prayer)

# 13

so rusty the bear  
said he would

fetch the ladder  
& he did & up

they climbed &  
clambered until

they were very tired  
indeed how much

further cried emily  
the capybara who had

never been so far from earth  
& whose voice was almost

lost in the wind as she  
clung with her little arms

# 14

with little harm  
in plum puns

a plumply  
plummy

christopher  
plummer

plummets  
with aplomb

& plumbic  
plumage

a prunus  
exemplum

& a tough  
cool pit



# 15

our culprit's  
sobriquet made

the impossible leap  
find a whole real will

warm at the sink edge  
messed in aspirant

boast of tears (I'm  
here) if only ever

we some days  
cope funny

any bit of key  
unblocking this

trusty compere's  
sweet lols & alarum